

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XVII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1852.

NUMBER 31.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BRADLEY'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

JOSEPH H. BARRETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.

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S. M. Pettengill & Co., 10 State Street, Boston, are our authorized agents.

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By whom all kinds of Book and Job Printing will be done on favorable terms.

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I. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
II. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have notified the publisher, and ordered their papers discontinued.

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V. A Postmaster neglecting to inform a publisher when his paper is not taken from the office, makes himself liable for his subscription price.

Phelps & Stewart,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

At the office of Peter Starr, Esq.

AMUEL S. PHELPS, Middlebury, Vt.
JOHN W. STEWART, do. 16:17.

W. P. Russell & E. F. Smith,
Physicians & Surgeons,
Middlebury, Vt.

Office at the Addition House. Entrance first door from the Bank.
Aug. 17, 1852. 17:17.

F. C. MAYO
Would inform his patrons and friends that he has returned from Europe with a fresh supply of Jewellery, Fancy Articles and Toys which will be sold at cheap prices for cash at his old stand on the Bridge.
Middlebury, Nov. 20, 1852.
N. B. Remembering of all kinds done with taste and dispatch.

WESTERN VERMONT RAILROAD.

COMPLETED TO BENNINGTON, where it connects with the Troy & Boston Railroad, forming the shortest and most desirable route between Middlebury and Troy.

1st. Mail Train leaves Rutland at 10:20 A. M., or on the arrival of the Rutland & Burlington train from Rutland, and arrives in Troy at 1:30 P. M., and in New York at 3:30 P. M.

2d. Mail Train leaves Rutland at 4:45 P. M., or on the arrival of the Rutland & Burlington train from Rutland, and arrives in Troy at 7:30 P. M., and in New York at 10:30 P. M. by H. R. R.

A freight train leaves Rutland every morning.

Tickets to be procured at the Stations on the Rutland & Burlington Railroad, and of Conductors on the Cars.

Aug. 27, 1852. 15:15 W. S. JOHNSON, Sup't.

THE PUBLIC
—ARE—
INVITED
TO AN EXAMINATION OF
J. P. & L. W. HUNTINGTON'S
SPLENDID ASSORTMENT
—OF—
FASHIONABLE
FURNITURE,
—AT—
Nichols' Building, No. 2, (Up Stairs)

THE subscribers have long been aware of the want of an establishment where might be procured a fashionable outfit for housekeeping, and have, as they now think, been able to supply that demand, by fitting up some large and commodious rooms, where may be found at all times, a great variety of Furniture, such as

SOFAS, DIVANS, OTTOMANS,
Secretaries, Bureaus, Card Tables,
Making, Parlor and Rock-
Chairs, Cane-Seats,
Rocking and Gra-
dan Chairs,

All kinds of TABLES, and STANDS, MAHOGANY STools covered with hair cloth, and almost every other article needed to furnish a parlor in perfect style. Also Drawing-Room and Chamber Furniture, of every desirable style and quality.

We intend to keep an assortment of Furniture of the best quality, and name that we can sell very cheap.

In connection with the above business, the subscribers continue to manufacture at short notice, all kinds of

MATTRESSES.
Such as Spring, Hair, Moss, Palm Leaf, Hair and Cotton.

These Mattresses are made of the best material to be bought in Boston, and in a manner not inferior to any purchased there, as to evenness and durability. We have supplied some of the first families in town with Mattresses of our make, and they have given general satisfaction.

Coches, Hair Pillows and Bolsters made to order.

Repairing and reupholstering Mattresses, Sofas and Chairs, done at fair rates.

Every article will be sold as low as the same style and quality can be bought in New York or Boston, and in many instances lower.

All who are about to go to keeping house, or those who wish to procure new and fashionable Furniture, and dispense with their old out of date wares, will do well to give us a call, as we can make it for your interest to do so.

Commission Furniture Rooms No. 2,
"Nichols' Building."
J. P. & L. W. HUNTINGTON.
Middlebury, Nov. 1, 1852. 25

For the Register.

Home Revivited.

We obtain the following pleasing picture from a friend's portfolio, as suitable to Thanksgiving week—is not it? Eds. Reg.

When he, wandering from his native glade,
In distant climes, o'er seas and realms has strayed—
Enriched his mind with images that rise
North-tropic winds or oriental skies—
Traced his lonely way mid' Alpine heights sublime,
And mused with monuments of ancient time—
Returns once more to spend life's evening gray,
Where first had dawned the morning of his day—
Then rise what new emotions in his heart,
And raptures, which no foreign scene could start!

Then as he mounts the last green hillcock's side,
That overlooks the hamlet of his pride,
And first since long years that scene he views,
Soft tinged in recollection's fondest hues:
How pleased he lingers, while his eye doth roam
O'er the fair spot he calls his boyhood's home!

Yon cottage sleeping in the quiet shade
By cooling oaks in autumn foliage made—
There—on its pilgrimage of life began,
And first since long years that scene he views,
Soft tinged in recollection's fondest hues:
How pleased he lingers, while his eye doth roam
O'er the fair spot he calls his boyhood's home!

Yon grassy lawn, the woodland o'er the door,
Where oft he watched the humbird's flight of yore,
Scarce changed he fancies since when last he heard,
Beneath that vine, his mother's parting word,
And felt the farewell kiss of those most loved—
These wake a chord that scarce since then had moved.

You hill-side, turned the noon-day ray to meet,
Where he had learned Spring's earliest steps to greet,
Where hawking in the warmest beams of May,
He loved to trace the nimble hawk at play—
The wooded glen, beneath whose tangled shade
He culled wild flowers, and watched the ruddy cascade,
Where many a winding pathway knew his tread,
And thick woven boughs waved o'er his head—
Yon sacred house of prayer, where early train
From boyhood's mirth and idle word restrained,
His footsteps, hallowed each sabbath morn to stay,
And young hearts to find the heavenly way—
Such scenes he views, and as declining day
Sheds its last beams o'er all, then sinks away,
He feels that here beneath his native sky,
Twice sweet to live and where he would to die,
And in yon churchyard where his fathers sleep,
There he would rest, that friends might o'er him weep.

Tis sad that called from his Eden home,
Fair Eve, regretful, plucked a staff of thorns,
Which as its fading colors caught her gaze,
Might wake the memory of those happier days—
When her pure heart, had not yet learned to sin,
And human care found no abode within—
We too have had our Eden, where shade
Our childhood sported and our young feet strayed—
And many a flower that bloomed those bowers among,
Thence plucked, in memory's hallowed shrine has hung—
And though that Eden we may walk no more,
Nor breathe the fragrance that its breezes bore,
Yet those fond tokens faded though their hues,
Those happier days and brighter scenes renew;

And thus a hallowed influence impart,
To soothe the passions and refine the heart.

Obituary Notice of Myron Lawrence.

MR. EDITOR:

Your paper of last week announced the death of the Hon. Myron Lawrence, of Belchertown, Mass.—The great Destroyer has been aiming his unerring shafts of late, at some of our best and most distinguished men. How could he more effectively impress the truth upon our minds, that he is no respecter of persons? Scarcely had the tomb closed upon the remains of our greatest statesman, when one of his firmest and most attached friends in Massachusetts, was conveyed to the grave. Many hearts are deeply afflicted by this bereavement.

In a letter just received from a lawyer in Boston, a personal friend of Mr. Lawrence, he remarks, "I suppose you have ever this, heard of the death of our Myron Lawrence. He is a great loss to Massachusetts."—The term "our," arrested my attention—how appropriate thought I, and how significant too, is that little word! It implies respect, affinity and affection. His relatives and intimate acquaintances will love to employ it, and may it not be appropriated with some degree of pride by the citizens of Middlebury, and by the friends of our College? He was a native of our village, and he ever remembered with deep interest the place of his nativity, and the Institution in which he received his education. We once heard him say to an assembly of Vermonters resident in Boston—"I was a Middlebury boy: born the same year as this College, on the banks of Otter Creek, amidst the green hills and placid waters of Western Vermont." Of the many youths, who have gone forth from our village to seek their fortunes in other states, who has risen to higher positions of respectability and influence, or what one has reflected more honor upon his native town than Myron Lawrence? And sure we are that none have looked back to their Green Mountain home with more sincere and unabated affection. In the midst of devoted friends, and in the enjoyment of high official honors, his adopted state, his mind would often recur instinctively to the scenes of his boyhood, to the verdant valleys and the lofty mountains of his ever loved Vermont.

Mr. Lawrence graduated in 1820, was a classmate of the Rev. Dr. Olin, and second to him only as a scholar. The ardent and deep affection which he entertained for that distinguished friend and classmate, was expressed in language and manifested in manner at our commencement in 1851. The tidings came over the telegraphic wires that Dr. Olin had deceased. Mr. L. was profoundly affected at the intelligence, and on a suitable occasion he poured forth in eloquent strains a tribute of affection to his memory. In College Mr. L. was distinguished for his vigorous acquisition of ready communication. These qualities laid the foundation of his eminence. As an impressive extemporaneous speaker, he was excelled by few, and the opponent, who ventured to encounter him in debate in Legislative halls or elsewhere, found no occasion for self gratulation at the result of the conflict. He was sometimes called the Sheridan of Massachusetts, in allusion merely to the character of his eloquence, imaginative, impetuous and persuasive. As a lawyer he felt more at home in addressing a jury than in discussing before the court intricate and subtle points of law. As a statesman he was cautious and conservative, a friend to enlightened progress, but sternly opposed to rash experiments and radical innovations.

And, Mr. Editor, we can speak of him in another character. Mr. Lawrence was a Christian. It is a common practice we know,—but one which we most earnestly deprecate, to invest our statesmen and our prominent public men, at their decease, with the moral and religious virtues of the Christian. Is it needful for us to say, that a man may serve his country faithfully and well, and yet fall essentially and fatally in his duties towards his God and Redeemer?—Two or three years before his decease, when about fifty years of age, Mr. Lawrence became personally interested in religion during a revival in Belchertown. At once he took a stand publicly and privately, and ranked himself among the disciples of Christ. His light was not hid "under a bushel," on all suitable occasions, in the midst of his fellow disciples, or surrounded by his political or professional associates, he was ready to avow his belief in the importance of religion, and his personal interest in the Savior. In a public house in Boston, where the inmates are accustomed to assemble, morning and evening around the altar of worship, we have seen him conduct the devotions of that great family, and have heard his earnest and affecting appeals to the throne of grace. Of the exercises of his mind and heart in the last trying hour, we have seen no account, but from our knowledge of his views and christian experience, we are prepared to hear that he died in the triumphs of faith. "A Christian is the highest style of man." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

A FRIEND.

The Law of Trash.

BY A LAWYER IN AFFLICTION.

Furnished to the Register.

I am turning over various books in hopes to think the thoughts written worth one's time to see, and in hopes to forget my own thoughts. All these still old yellow-backed books are full of things we seek so patiently—all about property. "Mine and thine"—here your's ends, there mine begins—hands off—mine and thine; and all the old rights who wrote them, forgot that while they wrangled and flouted with each other and clutched at the stakes, the Spectre bent over their game, and grinned at their pains to get what they could not keep. Death has taken their stakes and their game is ended. And for such objects man toils, and if he toils only for such objects, such is his fate. It makes one sad to look over the back of a law library, and think how full these books are of the original crime. All are records of craft, misfortune and crime, and full of death—but of death only as he holds and gives. Property—mine and thine. Death is called into Court, and made to convey "mine and thine." He gives down, and cures, and heretics, and feeble-minded, and assets, and executes receipts, acquittances, and releases,

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and the great and grim Spectre is cate-

chised and systematised by eager and sharp-witted ones, who forget that he smiles at their rignarole science, and when he has let them play long enough, will take them in the very midst of their plans. The books are full of trash, and are sorrow reduced to system—the rubbish of minds that might have been angelic, but have wasted their energies in toils for trash. The books tell carefully how the trash was got and how it was lost. One grew lunatic, and his nearest relative took his trash and died, and his son took his trash. One did Treason and the King took his trash. They all had it and they all lost it—and the "Law" will explain how. But even in the dry detail of the "Report," Sorrow asserts its power and breaks through the "trammels of form. Something of scenic, dramatic tone mingles with the "case"—though the court disregard the ingredient as the surgeon does the pain which follows his knife. The books are filled with "cases," and in every case, clothed in dry language, stands the great companion of man—the sister of human life—Sorrow. Craft has wound his net round folly and is slowly killing his victim with rules of the court, and statutes in such case made and provided. The lawyers take distinctions on the matter and the judge dogmatizes, and the jury eat pen nuts; but in the midst stands the victim bound-hand and foot with subtleties, and brooding over his prospects. He must lose life, or what the books make quite as valuable property. He has tried to keep it, and now Craft is getting it away from him. He toiled for it night and day, on the sea and in the mine, bugged the original curse, labor, as if it had been his blessing, and collected trash with pain and weariness, to see it all pass from him under a point of Law. One cannot forget Sorrow in Courts and in Law Books, or in looking at property. And, indeed, throughout the world one meets this sad companion of Human Nature in all places, till the wearied heart turns away at last from the objects and occupations of life, and looks upward. Go where we will, do what we will, our Shadow—the Companion, keeps with us, and will not leave us till we rise above the present world. We live among graves, and most sad would be our lot if we only lived here.

Rev. Theodore Parker.

Readers generally may probably agree with Judge Paul's severe condemnation of this gentleman's discourse on the late Mr. Webster. It ought, however, to be understood that the professional relations of Mr. Parker are strictly independent, and not now acknowledged by the clergy of the Unitarian denomination, with whom he was connected. The clerical character, retained by him, is that of a teacher on religious principles perhaps, but not by the principles of any theological school, orthodox or other; but like his views upon general subjects, they are his own personal perceptions. This fact, in proportion to the estimate placed upon his talents, gives to his views a certain interest and value.

ADDRESSES

ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER, IN THE LEGISLATURE OF VERMONT, OCT. 26.

MR. SEYMOUR OF ADDISON COUNTY.

MR. SEYMOUR introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That the intelligence of the death of DANIEL WEBSTER has been received by the Senate with profound sensibility and sorrow; that our United Republic has lost, in the great Defender of the Constitution, a noble benefactor and illustrious son; whose unrivaled intellect and patriotic heart were ever zealously devoted to the enlargement of her fame, and to the maintenance of her integrity and whose name, imperishable as his great achievements, thro' all coming time, is his richest inheritance; that we tender our sincere sympathy to the family of the departed in this bereavement, which, while it affects a nation with unspeakable grief, falls most heavily on the hallowed retirement of his home.

The resolution having been read Mr. S. rose and addressed the Senate as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT.—I cannot doubt that this resolution will receive not only the acquiescence, but the approval of every Senator. Its subject has filled a large space in our country's history, so nobly, that his history is inseparable from that of our country, and could not be struck out without depriving it of its highest reputation and its greatest glory.

This year the shafts of death have fallen thick among the great. The earth is not yet hard around the grave of that somewhat old patriot, who was unsurpassed in his love of his country and his free institutions, when we are called upon to mourn the loss of the great Secretary, the great Legislator, Lawyer, Statesman and Diplomatist, the intellectual giant of the age. Nor has the inevitable destroyer confined his work to us. A few weeks since the broad news sheet from our mother land came marked with the signs of woe, telling that Wellington the great conqueror, was dead. But, how different his career from that of him we now mourn. The achievements and fame of Wellington were all in war—those of Webster in the arts of peace. When the turbulent spirit of our north-eastern border had nearly involved us in war with England, no sooner was the question in dispute submitted to Webster

and Ashburton, than, (such was England's confidence in his statesmanship,) all anxiety was past. And the result justified this confidence. When also, the question of the Oregon boundary had raised a degree of national irritation which threatened war, the bare fact that he was engaged in its adjustment, and respect for him, and trust in him, contributed to an honorable and amicable adjustment. Again, when certain lawless men would peril the integrity of the nation by an unjust invasion of Cuba, his wise counsels were successfully interposed to preserve our peace and honor.

As a scholar, his attainments were vast; and no man of his time was more deeply penetrated with the classic spirit of the past. The Coliseum, the Roman Senate, the Villa at Tivoli, the Atrium, and the Gates of Thebes, were not to him dim shadows, but realities, as real as Faneuil Hall or the Capitol at Washington. In fine, whatever of interest the history or literature of any land or any age presented, was seized upon and appropriated by his capacious mind, and his tenacious memory made it his own forever. The materials thus gathered, and whose intellectual power was felt, lent an irresistible attraction and fervor to his eloquence.

As a dextrous legislative debater and constitutional lawyer, he stood pre-eminent. The keen forensic conflict between him and Hayne has still its living witnesses. Regarded as an encounter between Northern and Southern intellect, and as a trial of their respective vigor and eloquence, it created such an interest as never before or since was felt on any like occasion. The brilliant and florid Hayne had spoken, and fear was entertained, even by those who knew him best, that Webster could not answer him. He alone was unmoved—calm and collected, firm as the rock of Plymouth, before the gaze of Senators and crowded galleries, he pronounced that famous and decisive speech, by which his name as a statesman was forever fixed. And yet the effort did not go abroad as Northern, local, but as American, reflecting glory on the whole. His speeches and addresses have become classics. He neglected no interest of his country. Agriculture, Manufactures, Finance, Commerce—all received the guidance of his luminous mind.

Always in action, the wonder was where all his varied knowledge could have been acquired. As Paul said of his freedom, to the Roman Captain, that he was "free born," so must we say of him—he was great born; there lies the secret—even in England, among scholars and statesmen trained from the cradle in the most rigid discipline of their schools and universities; a giant among intellectual giants. Go to the English journals of that time, and you will find the massive head, the noble countenance and majestic deportment of Webster contrasted with that of the versatile and learned Brougham, all in favor of the great American, forming the portrait of an intellectual monarch to whom all deferred—just as the noblest of the canine race shrink instinctively before the king of the forest.—And, we are almost ready to believe in the fabulous birth of the goddess of Wisdom, springing all armed from the head of Jupiter, at the brow of Webster.

Upon that question which divides the North and South, his opinions had been recorded in all severe philosophies as slavery and the slave trade had ever received; yet, confined by no local views, loving our whole country with a devotion and forgetfulness of self worthy the true Roman in Rome's brightest day, when danger of dissension threatened, as Curtius threw himself into the frowning gulf, so was he ready by self-sacrifice to heal all strife. And when the shaft of destiny pierced him on every side, still he remained inflexible in duty, like Scævola, who proved his constancy and firmness, with hand outstretched into the burning flame. The mind so nurtured with great thoughts could find no room for any thing mean, little or ungenerous.

Liberty to the world his heartfelt wish, his efforts, through our Minister at Constantinople, procured the liberation of Kossovali from exile. Raised from the very dust to freedom, and honorably conducted to our shores, the Magyar patriot spread wide the knowledge of his race and of his country's wrongs. Cities and Senates listened to that tongue, touched with the fire of eloquence, with a sympathy which yet may tell upon the destinies of Europe. For any one but Webster, the Hulseman letter alone would have made the reputation of a statesman. That stern letter made tyrants feel that however they might trample on sacred human rights within their own dominions, the stain of oppression would not be endured in the land of the Pilgrim.

High position is always exposed to detraction, and no charge is more common than that of inconsistency. Yet, I venture to predict that when his whole career shall be on record before his countrymen, the common judgment will pronounce that "no statesman ever lived more consistent with himself than Daniel Webster." To deny that he had faults would be an abnegation of his human nature and our own experience. Yet, who would—who could remember them? And, after all, what were they? Why, "as the small hills and valleys" we speak of the globe, or the spots on the sun when we think of his splendor.

His loveliest trait was attachment to his early home. Neither his dazzling progress in the zenith of his fame, nor the broad radiance of his setting sun, could ever lead him to forget the spot where his infancy was cradled and protected.

He is gone! and England will mingle her tears with ours for the great statesman who has done so much to maintain the balance and the peace of nations.

He is gone! and that wondrous voice, so rich with the words of a serene wisdom, will no more be heard within those halls. We are almost ready to believe the aspiration that voiceless spirits

linger amid the scenes of the departed good and good, and that their unseen hands will wreath the lofty pillars of the Capitol with the habiliments of woe.

No eulogy can speak his greatness or his worth—no tongue describe his world-wide fame, casting reflective glory on our country. No wonder that his proud monument shall be the pride and gratitude of a great and free people—his noblest epitaph a nation's sorrow and a nation's tears. Yet, we trust the time is not far off when a visible memorial, a shaft hewn from those native hills which he loved; shall rise, tall, white and dazzling, towering towards the skies, till—to use his own words when commemorating the departed hero of Bunker Hill—"the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden that of him who revisits it, shall be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming—let the earliest light of the morning glint off it, and parting day linger and play on its summit."

In the House of Representative Resolutions were presented by Hon. WILLIAM C. BRADLEY of Westminster, who addressed the House, and was followed by

Mr. Barrett of Middlebury.

MR. SPEAKER.—I rise, with cautious such as I have never felt on any other occasion, to add a word to the very appropriate remarks to which the House has just listened with so much attention and sensibility. DANIEL WEBSTER has passed away forever from the earth. In the quiet seclusion at Marshfield, whither he had gone to seek refuge from the assaults of disease and from the consuming cares of state, the inevitable destroyer has overtaken him, and that godlike spirit has no longer a mortal habitation. Sudden and mournfully thrilling was the news which reached us but two or three days since. We ventured to hope that even yet there might be relief. We dreaded the worst. The intelligence has proved but too true. He who but a brief time since, was the most illustrious of living orators and statesmen—the greatest of men—whose fame filled the world, and whose intellectual power was felt through an illimitable domain—has completed his salutary work, and his erect, majestic form

"The all-beholding sun shall see no more in all his course."

MR. WEBSTER, in the full consciousness of his situation, met his fate with a heroic and gentle composure. Though suffering, at times, exquisite pain, he remained tranquil—clear in intellect—firm and collected of soul—until he breathed his last.

"Like a shadow," thrown softly and sweetly from a passing cloud, Death fell upon him.

The light of a Sabbath morning broke calmly in upon that desolate chamber as his spirit ascended to Him who gave it.

It is not my purpose, Mr. Speaker, to attempt to rehearse the history of this illustrious man, or to pronounce his eulogy. With the principal acts of his life all of us are familiar. Born of a hardy stock, among the rugged wilds of New Hampshire—of ancestors whose blood freely flowed in the patriotic struggles of opposing freedom, and whose immediate progenitor (it may well be recollected by Vermonters) was a prominent actor in the decisive revolutionary battle of Bennington—he won his way, through life's many vicissitudes and through all the trials incident to his condition in life, to a renown the most exalted and enduring. As a lawyer, scholar, a man of letters, an orator, and a statesman, he ranks with the greatest geniuses the world has ever seen. In our country, he is known at every fireside, his words familiar as household words,—"and his fame extends through all lands."

MR. WEBSTER entered public life at the commencement of the war of 1812 as a representative in Congress from New Hampshire, from which time, with the exception of six years spent in the practice of his profession, in Boston, from 1815 to 1822, and two or three years in retirement, after his withdrawal from the cabinet in 1842, his whole life has been passed in public positions—in the House, the Senate, and the Cabinet—in all of which stations, his powers of massive and comprehensive intellect stood unrivaled. His speeches on the Greek question, in 1823 and 1824; his reply to Hayne, Jan. 20, 1835; his debate with Mr. Calhoun, on Nullification, in 1833; his speech on the Compromise measures, March 7, 1850; his letter to Chevalier Hulsemann, in the same year; and his more popular sphere, among which his address at Plymouth in 1820, and at Bunker Hill in 1825, are preeminent,—are lasting monuments of his services and success during this active period.

The loss of such a man, who far surpassed all others in knowledge of foreign policy and skill in its management, and who so well understood the application of the principles of our government, in all their relations to freedom everywhere, is indeed, at such a time, irreparable. Of that illustrious four—ADAMS, CALHOUN, CLAY, WEBSTER—so long associated in their patriotic labors for the liberty of our country, Webster is now gone; gone in the full maturity of years and fame. The resplendent sun is set.

How fitting is it now to recall that ever memorable prayer, which closed the greatest, perhaps, of all his efforts in the Senate, the reply to Mr. Hayne, twenty years since—now so fully answered—"When my eyes," said he, "shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dismembered, discordant, belligerent, on a land rent with civil feud, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' Nor those other words of delusion and

folly, 'Liberty first, and Union after-wards'; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every American heart—LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!"

The last words uttered by Mr. Webster—when but a few hours before his death, arising from a lethargic slumber, his countenance was again lighted up with its wonted glow of genius and intellectual might, and the consciousness of existence once more beamed full upon his inner sense,—were, "I STILL LIVE!"

Memorable dying words for a man like him! In the rich inheritance of glory and greatness left behind him, Webster still lives and will live forever. From the expressions of his last days, let us confidently hope, too, that, as a Christian spirit, in a world of higher and holier life, WEBSTER STILL LIVES.

Criticism Empirical and Aesthetic.

"The Philosophy of Style" in the Westminster Review for October, is an ingenious attempt to reduce the subtle conditions of effect in writing, to a single principle. This it maintains, is found in "economizing the reader's attention"—so presenting ideas that they may be apprehended with the least possible mental effort. Some plausible illustrations are given of this position, but the writer fails to make out his case. The theory will apply only to those occasions where the main faculty to be addressed is the understanding; in the case of poetry, eloquence, picturesque and suggestive description, and the sphere of the imagination generally, we believe that it is more important to tempt the mind to varied and active exercise, than to "economize" any of its faculties or diminish the motives to "mental effort." Indeed, the very first illustration of the writer's theory is suicidal. "No phrase," says he, "can convey the idea of surprise so vividly as opening the eyes and raising the eyebrows. A shrug of the shoulders would lose much by translation into words." The obvious conclusion is that gesture is better than language, and the nearer we can bring composition to pantomime the better. It is easy to see what havoc would be made of style